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BURLEIGH HOUSE.

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BURLEIGH HOUSE.

THE screen and entrance lodges to the princely domain of Burleigh, or Burghley, formed one of the illustrations of the last volume of *The Mirror*; so that the reader's partial acquaintance with an historical outline of the spot may be presumed on reasonably enough.*

Some idea may be formed of the magnificence of Burleigh, from the screen and lodges, already represented, having cost 5,000*l*. The grounds are extremely picturesque, and are minutely described in a "Guide" published by Mr. Wilson, the respectable bookseller of Stamford, and son-in-law of Mr. Drakard, of whose "*History of Stamford*" we have already spoken in terms of high commendation. The Burleigh "Guide" is a reputable octavo tome, of about 300 pages, and is partly occupied by a Catalogue Raisonné of the superb works of art assembled within the walls and cabinets of the mansion.

Landscape-gardening, in all its varieties, have added to the natural beauty of the grounds. About a mile from the Lodges is a lake three-quarters of a mile in length, over which is an ornamental bridge. Next is the Dairy, and the Gamekeeper's Lodge—the latter an interesting Gothic cottage, forming an agreeable contrast with the majestic grandeur of the hall. The park, from north to south, is about two miles; and from east to west, from half a mile to a mile. As you approach the mansion, the trim beauties of lawns and fairy groves prepare you for the storehouse of art which they environ. Romantic grottoes and mossy cells, composed of Nature's rudest materials, appear on every side; and fancy has almost exhausted herself in forming to these retreats Gothic doors of wild-grown limbs, and paving them with the small leg-bones of sheep. A boat-house, and a modern Gothic temple, of great beauty, are enumerated among the embellishments; and in a recess, surrounded by evergreens, stands an elegant monument to the memory of Hannah Sophia Chambers, Countess of Exeter, with a poetical inscription to woo the contemplatist and lover of the sublime.

At length we reach the noble man-

sion—the turrets, cupolas, and spires of which impart at first view to the beholder a sense of its splendour and magnificence—nay, even the chimneys, those "windpipes of hospitality," are ingeniously contrived ornamental architecture. But we quote the description of the exterior from the "Guide," just mentioned:—

"It is built of freestone, in the form of a beautiful parallelogram, which measures by the inner court 110 feet by 70. The chimneys are all formed of pillars of the Doric order, connected at top by a frieze and cornice of the same. According to Horace Walpole, John Thorpe, an eminent architect, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, gave the plan, and superintended the erection of the greater part of this stupendous building.

"Before the north door there formerly stood a piece of water, which was filled up when the beautiful serpentine river was formed. On this side is the principal entrance, where, between the windows, we observe the date 1587. The circumference of the circle forming the coach-road, encompassing a beautiful grass plat, is about a furlong; and from the gate to the steps, the distance is about 110 yards. On each side of the north door is a platform, extending 90 by 18 feet each way, which with the intermediate breadth of the threshold, completes a front of 200 feet. The ascent to the house is by nine large semi-circular steps. In the arched roof, under the passage leading to the inner court, are escutcheons of the family arms, in one of which is *W. Dom. de Burghley*, 1577, the year when that part of the house was built.

"Surrounded by massy piles of buildings is a beautiful court, from which, on the east side, the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian orders are distinctly seen rising one above the other, with large niches on each side. Above the Corinthian order, the uppermost of the three, are two large stone lions, rampant, supporting the family arms. The spire of the chapel rises from hence, which, although far from being ornamental, is of admirable workmanship. This part of the building appears, from the date above the dial, to have been finished in 1585. Over an arch before the chapel, is a bust of King William III. The pillars on the opposite and western end are of plain Doric; and the windows on the north and south sides of the court are of the pure modern Gothic. Four capacious gateways, with parallel corresponding folding doors behind them

* See *Mirror*, vol. xiv. p. 280.—We there fell into an error respecting the precise topography of Burleigh, which is in the county of Northampton, and not in Lincoln, as we have stated. Burleigh is about a mile and a half to the south-east of the bridge over the river Welland; which river here forms the boundary between the counties of Lincoln and Northampton, and separates the borough of Stamford in Lincolnshire from Stamford Baron, in Northampton.

on the four sides, face each other; each extending in an elliptical arch about nine feet in breadth, and the same in height. On the tops and corners of the balustrades of the building are several small Doric stone vessels in the shapes of urns and water pots."

Mr. Gilpin, in his *Tour to the Highlands*, says, "Burghley House is one of the noblest monuments of British architecture in the times of Queen Elizabeth, when the great outlines of magnificence were rudely drawn, but unimproved by taste. It is an immense pile, forming the four sides of a large court; and though decorated with a variety of fantastic ornaments according to the fashion of the time, before Grecian architecture had introduced symmetry, proportion, and elegance into the plans of private houses, it has still an august appearance. The inside of the court is particularly striking. The spire is neither, I think, in itself an ornament; nor has it any effect, except at a distance, where it contributes to give this immense pile the consequence of a town."

The interior baffles our *cicerone* qualifications. The hall, with its carved roof, resembling that of Westminster—the Chapel, with its splendid carving by Gibbons, and fretwork ceiling—the Drawing-rooms in similar taste—the Black Bed Chamber hung with fine old tapestry, and paintings on the window panes—Queen Elizabeth's chamber, and state bed, with green velvet and gold tissue draperies—the purple velvet bedroom hung with Bacchanalian tapestry—the state bed dressing-room, with its superb gilt dressing plate, once belonging to William III., and the cove ceiling decorated by the rich pencil of Verrio—the Jewel Closet, of cedar, oak, and walnut—the New State Bed Room, and the most magnificent state bed in Europe, with hangings of 250 yards of velvet, and 900 yards of satin, &c.—a mythological ceiling by Verrio; the tapestry too very splendid—the Dining Room, 39 feet by 26, with two silver cisterns, one weighing 3,400, and the other 656 ounces, and costing £990., and some superb coronation plate,—and the Library of 4,000 volumes of books, are but a few of the glories of this vast pile. The Kitchen, by the way, should not be forgotten, since it is not without artistical embellishment: for a painting of an immense carcass of beef is here correctly given as an exhibition of the true ensign armorial of English hospitality.

The enumeration of the Pictures
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would include the brightest names in the calendar of art. Among them are the works of Michael Angelo, Sophonisba Angusciola, by whom Vandyck was more benefited than by all his other studies; Berghem; Le Brun; and A. and H. Caracci; Caravaggio; Castiglione; Cimabue; Claude Lorraine; Corregio; P. di Cortona; C. Dolci; Domenichino; A. Dürer; J. Van Eyck; Gerards; Giordano; Guercino; Guido; Holbein; Angelica Kauffman; Kneller; Sir Thomas Lawrence; * Lely; C. Maratta; Murillo; Parmigiano; N. and G. Poussin; Raphael; Rembrandt; Rubens; Le Sœur; Teniers; Tintoretto; Titian; Vandyck; P. Veronese; Verrio; L. da Vinci; West; and Zuccherro.

Such are but a few of the treasures of Burleigh; yet they will cause the reader to regard the annexed Cut as the depository of some of the most elaborate specimens of art, and as a splendid monument of the hospitalities of olden times. To our minds, such places have an unfading interest: they lead us into estimates of national character from which every one may imbibe many useful views.

THE PAST.

(For the Mirror.)

It comes o'er the heart like an echo bland,
Or a gentle voice from "Faëry land,"
On balmy breezes borne to the strand,

Of memory's sea.

It tells of the joys that our childhood knew,
Of hopes that were bright as the rainbow's hue,
Of the tears that were pure as morning dew,

On the vernal tree.

It speaks of the hours of earliest love,
Of the sylvan glen, and the summer grove,
Through which our footsteps oft would rove,

In the by-gone days.

Of the longing glance of *that* azure eye,
Of the cheek that was dashed with the rose's dye,
Of the smile that was soft as *an* orient sky
When *the* sun-beam plays.

And oh it is sweet as the night comes on,
When the heart is dreary, sad, and lone,
To muse on the friends that are past and gone,
To come, oh never!

And to think they love in the memory bright,
As forms that are clad in the hues of light,
And will not depart till the "stilly night"

Be set for ever!

J. F. C.

* There are two portraits by the late P. R. A. —one of them, a whole length, is a family picture—Henry the tenth Earl and first Marchess of Exeter, the Countess Sarah, and Lady Sophia. A romantic but exemplary interest is attached to this painting, from the singular courtship and union of the Earl and Countess.

NATIONAL DEBT.

(For the Mirror.)

IN the following calculation each reader can see how much of the National Debt, the taxes and the trade and commerce of his country is averaged to him, and comparatively with France and America, it will doubtless be deemed of sufficient merit for insertion.

"The debt of the United Kingdom divided equally among its inhabitants, averages £34. 15s. 8d. per head; the taxes £2. 7s. 11½d. per head, (but as Ireland does not contribute her quota, the average of taxes upon the people of Great Britain, is about £3. 7s. 6d. per head) and its trade and commerce in exports and imports, £3. 9s. 9½d. The debt of France equally apportioned, averages £6. 5s. per head, the taxes £1. 5s. and its commerce only £1. 13s. 5½d. The debt of America averages only £1. 0s. 10½d. per head, the taxes 9s. 2½d., and its commerce £3. 3s. 4d. Now supposing the whole of the revenue of each country was derived from the exports and imports alone; it would appear that the taxes on the commerce of England amount to £68. 14s. 10d. per cent.; on that of France, £74. 15s. per cent., and on that of America only £14. 11s. 1½d. per cent. I shall not go any further with the comparison, but leave it to my readers to make their own deductions."—*From Mr. Thick's Review of the Government of England.*

M. T.

TO A SNOWDROP.

(For the Mirror.)

Why dost thou, silver-vested flower!
While tempests howl, and snow-storms lower,
Thus boldly brave rude Winter's power,
And rear thy head?

Why so impatient? Why not stay
Till zephyrs drive rude blasts away;
And day's bright orb, with cheering ray,
Warm thy cold bed?

Why stay not till the primrose pale,
With simple beauty spots the vale,
Till violets load the passing gale
With luscious balm?

Till moist-eyed April's genial showers,
Bring Flora's train of painted flowers,
And songsters fill the leafy bowers
With music's charm!

Fair flower! thy hardy front defies
The rigour of inclement skies;
The blast of Winter o'er thee flies
Nor chills thy form.

Thus virtue stands with placid mien,
Whilst whirlwinds desolate the scene;
And cheered by Hope with mind serene
Smiles at the storm!

The Cosmopolite.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

(For the Mirror.)

"But, though concealed, to every purer eye,
Th' informing author in his works appears."
THOMSON.

"EYES have they, and see not," is indeed but too faithful a description of the generality of mankind, whose lack of mental vision is a misfortune approximating in some degree to that of an extinction of the corporeal organs of sight. There is, however, this distinction observable between them:—the loss of the visual orbs of the body generally strengthens and renders more delicately acute the remaining senses, whilst lack of the "mind's eye," as it chiefly arises from psychological obtuseness, augments the disorder. We may consider those who either possess no mental organ of vision, or what is more commonly the case, close it, as labouring under a heavy calamity; they grope in darkness whilst others walk in light; they are querulous whilst others are beneficent; they are sorely discontented whilst from other hearts arise grateful effusions to the source of the blessings and beauties of existence.

Happy, thrice happy are they, the fortunate possessors of eyes that behold, and hearts that enjoy with gratitude the liberal springs of bliss dispensed most abundantly around them by Supreme Beneficence. The perception of such combinations of good I may not inaptly term the *poetry of life*; since, perhaps, to observe and appreciate them, requires somewhat of the warmth, vividness, and vigour of the poetic temperament; somewhat of that bee-like, minstrel power which extracts beauty and sweetness from apparent deformity and bitterness; and somewhat of the enthusiasm which grasps at that in which the spirit's vital happiness is centered—order, purity, truth, loveliness, and heavenly good. Now let us gaze around us for awhile. How beautiful is Creation! How inimitable the forms, colours, odours, and sounds, spread around but to delight us! How useful and how exquisitely agreeable are the productions of the Divine Hand, intended solely for the service and solace of man! "Paternal Deity" appears in every variety of Creation: each production is good in itself—receives good, and adds its quota to the universal good; but we cannot trace all the ramifications of this subject; they are exhaustless; and yet we will endeavour to notice, with joy and gratitude, some few of its bearings, which we re-

member not to have seen adduced heretofore in support of the exhilarating fact that God has designed in all His works the supreme felicity of His creatures; wherefore complains man of the misery of the world? Let him open the eyes of his understanding, and in beholding the gracious design of Creation he will acknowledge that where it appears subverted, he has but himself to blame. Let us awhile delightedly regard the positive provision that has been made in Creation for our comfort; aye, solely for our pleasurable comfort. How delicate a blue is the sky; cool and grateful is it to the sight, and justly contrived to temper the warm, vivid rays of fiery orbs to the tender organs of corporeal vision. It might have been scarlet, causing an intolerable anguish to the aching gaze, and flaming over a world withered beneath its wrathful hue. How lovely and refreshing is the verdant gala-array of the earth. Had its livery been black, instead of exhilarating the spirit of man, and proving to it a vital prescience of a fairer world, it would have overwhelmed the soul with a gloom, horrid and funereal as itself. How delightful is the pure, soft, and scented summer-breeze. How invigorating the frosty breath of winter. Blasts, hot, poisonous, and noisome, might, instead, have continually assailed the lungs of tormented animal life, and rendered existence a penalty of enduring suffocation; and how then would have fared vegetation? How cool, clear, inodorous, tasteless, and tempting is water; that fluid upon which depend the lives of animals and vegetables innumerable; it might have been as revolting to every sense as it is now agreeable; but granting that it had been flavoured with the rarest attar of rose or violet, the taste ever recurring in our viands, would as quickly have disgusted the palled appetite as the occasional infusion of fruits and flowers now gratifies. How valuable is fire; yet it might have been our master instead of our servant, and earth itself one tremendous, terrific volcano. That these gifts are not what they might have been, is solely attributable to the design evident throughout Creation of securing the felicity of the creature; but besides essential comforts we possess luxuries: had fruits been necessary to our preservation in mortal existence, a few, a very few, might have sufficed us; but, oh! what a countless variety are lavished upon ungrateful man, all exquisite in form, colour, odour, and flavour; all tempting the taste and amply gratifying it. Had

flowers been necessary to refresh the springs of being, a few, a very few, might have answered the purpose: but, lo! earth is as "the garden of the Lord," gemmed with myriads of these exquisite creations, all beautiful and inimitable in form, texture, colour, and odour, and all strewn over the world, as if the outpouring of a hand, which knew not how to restrain its glorious munificence. Flowers are indeed but emblems of His countless blessings—"who openeth His hand and filleth all things living with plenteousness."—Flowers are, in the language of the poet, "Nature's jewels;" incitements to poetry and to refined sentiment. They are emblems of the lovely, the innocent, and the most dear; gentle and delicious memories do they breathe of the absent and the dead, whilst they enhance the beauty, gaiety, and rapture of the living. Oh, man! cultivate a taste and love for flowers—those overflowings of His bounty who created the first Eden, and from whom we hope to receive the second; and that taste and love will form a portion of the *Poetry of Life*.

Study also the beauty, order, contrivance, and utility of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and believe me, a mind thus cultivated and disposed to interest itself in the exalted works of the Author of Creation, shall never fail in the essential sources of happiness. Above all, direct your serious attention to your own species, for whose use and pleasure these invaluable gifts "are, and were, created." Man is in himself a Microcosm—a miracle—and you, oh, reader, are one of those fortunate beings, for whom the excellency of Supreme Wisdom and Goodness, hath been, from the formation of all things, exerted, and will be for ever and ever. You are framed with inimitable beauty and skill—with grace so peerless, and art so consummate—that the Lord or Life hath condescended to wear on earth your nature and likeness, and in your semblance to ascend into the Heaven of Heavens. You might have been made an object of disgust and terror, and your delicately sensitive frame a source of unutterable anguish. Think what had been your state had no cutaneous tegument veiled from vision the astonishing and appalling machinery by which you "live, and move, and have your being!" Imagine what had been your sensations had no warm, elastic material of tempered sensibility shielded a frame of acute perception from those external assaults, which would then have imbued

it with excruciating and unutterable agony. Where then would have been that delight and golden key of all hearts—Beauty? And where those godlike interpretations of mind, in every eloquent feature, which enthrall the sensitive spirit, and woo it to immortal affection even for the least beautiful of those beings, who know that of them it is written—"I have called ye gods." Let our contemplations ascend also from such indicators of mind to mind's ineffable charms: how valuable is memory; how heavenly is affection; how captivating and various is talent; and how exquisite are those generous and noble influences which incite the soul to divinest actions, and exalt it in the chain of being to a rank "but a little lower than the angels." Say, ye that are adepts in the art of making your own misery, is not happiness the manifest design of your creation? Are ye not endowed with faculties, perceptions, and varied blessings, adequate to this beneficent end? Have ye not a pure and soothing religion to sustain ye under the affliction of natural infirmities; and under such adverse casualties as Providence in everlasting mercy assigns for your portion? Have ye not also a promise, immutable as its Maker, of immortal existence in a new land, whose bliss so far transcends the completest happiness of earth as to defy the definition by words the portraiture by imagination? And with all this, are ye not miserable? Alas! "my people do not consider," is the tender and affecting reproof, which, if applicable to sentient beings in ages long past, is unhappily not less so to such in the present day. Would man but "consider," soon should he learn the felicitous art of extracting the sweet from the bitter of life: sunshine, order, and beauty, would be apparent where his offuscated vision beholds now but darkness, confusion, and deformity; his state would become ameliorated, his nature ennobled, and his existence (invulnerable to puerile cares, and the disgraceful ebullition of conflicting passions) would roll on smoothly in a charmed circle, only to be merged at length in a transcendently blessed eternity.

Now, this Utopian secret of living, I have ventured figuratively to term the *Poetry of Life*, from its apparent analogy to that divine art, which eminently soothes, instructs, irradiates, and ennobles human nature; and into which, if fervent feelings and exalted imaginations enter, it is but to adorn and recommend their subjects; to withdraw the earth-

bound spirit from the thralldom of things unworthy its attention, and to bestow upon it a prescience of its destined glory and divinely blessed abode.

M. L. B.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

REMINISCENCES OF LORD BYRON IN
ITALY.

(Concluded from page 268.)

After the lapse of a few weeks, Byron seemed to have acquired a taste for the society of Milan. When the performances for the evening were over, we frequently stopped at the door of the theatre, to enjoy the sight of the beauties who passed us in review. Perhaps few cities could boast such an assemblage of lovely women as that which chance had collected at Milan in 1817. Many of them had flattered themselves with the idea that Byron would seek an introduction; but, whether from pride, timidity, or a remnant of dandyism, which induced him to do exactly the contrary of what was expected, he invariably declined that honour. He seemed to prefer a conversation on poetical or philosophical subjects. At the theatre, our discussions were frequently so energetical as to rouse the indignation of the pit. One evening, in the middle of philosophical argument on the principle of *utility*, Silvio Pellico, a delightful poet, who has since died in an Austrian prison, came in breathless haste to apprise Lord Byron that his friend and physician, Polidori, had been arrested. We instantly ran to the guard-house. It turned out that Polidori had fancied himself incommode in the pit by the fur cap of the officer on guard, and had requested him to take it off, alleging that it impeded his view of the stage. The poet Monti had accompanied us, and, to the number of fifteen or twenty, we surrounded the prisoner. Every one spoke at once; Polidori was beside himself with passion, and his face red as a burning coal. Byron, though he too was in a violent rage, was on the contrary pale as ashes. His patrician blood boiled as he reflected on the slight consideration in which he was held. I have little doubt but at that moment he regretted the wall of separation which he had reared between himself and the ultra party. At all events, the Austrian officer spied the leaven of sedition in our countenances, and, if he was versed in history, probably thought of the insurrection of Genoa, in 1740. He ran from the guard-house to call his

men, who seized their arms that had been piled on the outside. Monti's idea was excellent—"Fortiamo tutti; restino solamente i titolati."^{*}—De Brème remained, with the Marquess de Sartirana, his brother, Count Confalonieri, and Lord Byron. These gentlemen having written their names and titles, the list was handed to the officer on guard, who instantly forgot the insult offered to his fur cap, and allowed Polidori to leave the guard-house. In the evening, however, the doctor received an order to quit Milan within twenty-four hours. Foaming with rage, he swore that he would one day return, and bestow manual castigation on the governor who had treated him with so little respect. He did *not* return; and two years afterwards a bottle of Prussic acid terminated his career—at least, *sic dicuntur*. The morning after Polidori's departure, Byron, in a *tête-à-tête* with me, complained bitterly of persecution. So little was I acquainted with *i titolati*, to use Monti's expression, that in the simplicity of my heart I gave his lordship the following counsel: "Realise," said I, "four or five hundred thousand francs; two or three confidential friends will circulate the report of your death, and bestow on a log of wood the honours of Christian burial in some snug retired spot—the island of Elba, suppose. An authentic account of your decease shall be forwarded to England; meanwhile, under the name of Smith or Wood, you may live comfortably and quietly at Lima. When, in process of time, Mr. Smith or Mr. Wood becomes a venerable gray-headed old gentleman, he may even return to Europe, and purchase from a Roman or Parisian bookseller, a set of *Childe Harold*, or *Lara*, 30th edition, with notes and annotations. Moreover, when Mr. Smith or Mr. Wood is really about to make his exit from this life, he may, if he pleases, enjoy one bright original moment: thus may he say—Lord Byron, who for thirty years has been numbered with the dead, even now lingers on this side of eternity: I am the man: the society of my countrymen appeared to me so insipid, that I quitted them in disgust." "My cousin, who is heir to my title, owes you an infinity of thanks," coldly replied Byron. I repressed the repartee which hovered on my lips. Byron had a defect in common with all the spoiled children of fortune. He cherished in his bosom two contradictory inclinations. He wished to be received as a man of rank, and admired

^{*} Let us all go out: let those only remain who are titled personages.

as a brilliant poet. The *Elena* of Mayer was at that time the performance most in vogue at Milan. The public patiently endured two miserable acts, for the pleasure of hearing a sublime *sesteto* in the third. One day, when it was sung with more than ordinary power, I was struck with the expression of Byron's eyes; never had I seen any thing so enthusiastic. Internally, I made a vow that I never would, of my own free accord, sadden a spirit so noble. In the evening, I recollect that some one alluded to the following singular sonnet of Tasso, in which the poet makes a boast of incredulity:

"Odi, Filli, che tuona . . .
Ma che curar dobbiam che faccia Giove?
Godiam noi qui, s'egli è turbato in cielo,
Tema il volgo i suoi tuoni . . .
Pera il mondo, e rovini! a me non cale
Se non di quel che più piace e diletta;
Che, se terra sarò, terra ancor fui."

Hear'st thou, Phyllis, it thunders?
But what are Jove's acts to us?
Let us enjoy ourselves here; if he be troubled
in his heaven,
Vulgar spirits may dread his thunder.
Let the world perish and fall in ruins: I care not,
Except for her who pleases me best:
For if dust I shall be, dust I was.

"Those verses," said Byron, "were written under the influence of spleen—nothing more. A belief in the Supreme Being was an absolute necessity for the tender and warm imagination of Tasso. He was, besides, too much of a Platonist to connect together the links of a difficult argument. When he composed that sonnet, he felt the inspiration of his genius, and probably wanted a morsel of bread and a mistress." The house in which Lord Byron resided was situated at the further extremity of a solitary quarter, at the distance of half a league from the Theatre de la Scala. The streets of Milan were at that time much infested with robbers during the night. Some of us, forgetting time and space in the charm of the poet's conversation, generally accompanied him to his own door, and on our return, at two o'clock in the morning, were obliged to pass through a multitude of intricate suspicious-looking streets. This circumstance gave an additional air of romance to the noble bard's retreat. For my part, I often wondered that he escaped being laid under contribution. Had it been otherwise, with his feelings and ideas, he would undoubtedly have felt peculiarly mortified. The fact is, that the practical jokes played off by the knights of the road were frequently of the most ludicrous description—at least, to all but the sufferers. The weather was cold, and the pedestrian, snugly en-

veloped in his cloak, was often attacked by some dexterous thief, who, gliding gently behind him, passed a hoop over his head down to his elbows, and thus fettered the victim, whom he afterwards pillaged at his leisure. Polidori informed us that Byron often composed a hundred verses in the course of the morning. On his return from the theatre in the evening, still under the charm of the music to which he had listened, he would take up his papers, and reduce his hundred verses to five-and-twenty or thirty. When he had in this manner put together four or five hundred, he sent the whole to Murray, his publisher, in London. He often sat up all night, in the ardour of composition, and drank a sort of grog made of hollands and water—a beverage in which he indulged rather copiously when his Muse was coy. But, generally speaking, he was not addicted to excessive drinking, though he has accused himself of that vice. To restrain the circumference of his person within proper limits, he frequently went without a dinner, or, at most, dined on a little bread and a solitary dish of vegetables. This frugal meal cost but a franc or two; and on such occasions Byron used, with much apparent complacency, to accuse himself of avarice. His extreme sensibility to the charms of music may partly be attributed to the chagrin occasioned by his domestic misfortunes. Music caused his tears to flow in abundance, and thus softened the asperity of his sufferings. His feelings, however, on this subject, were those of a *débutant*. When he had heard a new opera for upwards of a twelvemonth, he was often enraptured with a composition which had previously afforded him little pleasure, or which he had even severely criticised. I never observed Byron in a more delightful or unaffected vein of gaiety, than on the day when we made an excursion about two miles from Milan, to visit the celebrated echo of *la Simonetta*, which repeats the report of a pistol-shot thirty or forty times. By way of contrast, the next day, at a grand dinner given by Monsignor de Brème, his appearance was lowering as that of Talma in the part of Nero. Byron arrived late, and was obliged to cross a spacious saloon, in which every eye was fixed on him and his club foot. Far from being the indifferent or phlegmatic personage, who alone can play the dandy to perfection, Byron was unceasingly tyrannized by some ruling passion.—When not under the influence of nobler failings, he was tormented by an absurd

vanity which urged him to pretend to every thing. But his genius once awakened, his faults were shaken off as a garment that would have incommoded the flight of his imagination: the poet soared beyond the confines of earth, and wafted his hearers along with him. Never shall I forget the sublime poem which he composed one evening on the subject of Castruccio-Castracani, the Napoleon of the middle age. Byron had one failing in common with all poets—an extreme sensibility to praise or censure, especially when coming from a brother bard. He seemed not to be aware, that judgments of this nature are generally dictated by a spirit of affectation, and that the most favourable can only be termed certificates of resemblance. I must not omit to notice the astonishing effect produced on Lord Byron by the view of a fine painting of Daniel Crespi. The subject was taken from the well-known story of a monk supposed to have died in the odour of sanctity, and who, whilst his brethren were chanting the service of the dead around his bier in the church at midnight, was said to have suddenly lifted the funeral pall, and quitted his coffin, exclaiming, "*Justo judicio Dei damnatus sum!*" We were unable to wrest Byron from the contemplation of this picture, which produced on his mind a sensation amounting to horror. To indulge his humour on this point, we mounted our horses in silence, and rode slowly towards a monastery, at a little distance, where he shortly afterwards overtook us.—Byron turned up his lips with an incredulous sneer when he heard, for the first time, that there are ten Italian dialects instead of one, and that amongst the whole population of Italy, only the inhabitants of Rome, Sienna, and Florence, speak the language as it is written. Silvio Pellico once said to him—"The most delightful of the ten or twelve Italian dialects, unknown beyond the Alps, is the Venetian. The Venetians are the French of Italy." "They have, then, some comic poet living?" "Yes," replied Pellico, "a charming poet; but as his comedies are not allowed to be performed, he composes them under the form of satires. The name of this delightful poet is Buratti; and every six months, by the governor's order, he pays a visit to one of the prisons of Venice." In my opinion, this conversation with Silvio Pellico gave the tone to Byron's subsequent poetical career. He eagerly demanded the name of the bookseller who sold M. Buratti's works; and as he

was accustomed to the expression of Milanese bluntness, the question excited a hearty laugh at his expense. He was soon informed, that if Buratti wished to pass his whole life in prison, the appearance of his works in print would infallibly lead to the gratification of his desire; and besides, where could a printer be found hardy enough to run his share of the risk? An incomplete manuscript of Buratti cost from three to four sequins. The next day, the charming Comtessina N. was kind enough to lend her collection to one of our party. Byron, who imagined himself an adept in the language of Dante and Ariosto, was at first rather puzzled by Buratti's manuscript. We read over with him some of Goldoni's comedies, which enabled him at last to comprehend Buratti's satires. One of our Italian friends was even immoral enough to lend him a copy of Baffo's sonnets. What a crime this had been in the eyes of Southey! What a pity he was not, at an earlier period, made acquainted with the atrocious deed! I persist in thinking, that for the composition of *Beppo*, and subsequently of *Don Juan*, Byron was indebted to the reading of Buratti's poetry. Venice is a distinct world, of which the gloomy society of the rest of Europe can form no conception: care is there a subject of mockery. The poetry of Buratti always excites a sensation of enthusiastic delight in the breasts of the Venetian populace. Never, in my presence, did black and white, as the Venetians themselves say, produce a similar effect. Here, however, I ceased to act the part of an eye-witness; and here, consequently, I close my narrative.

Foreign Literary Gazette.

Notes of a Reader.

TIGERS.

SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES, in one of his letters, thus describes the dread of tigers in the vicinity of Bencoolen:—

"The only inconvenience will arise from the tigers and elephants, which abound in the vicinity; one of the villagers told me that his father and grandfather were carried off by tigers; and there is scarcely a family that has not lost some of its members by them. In many parts, the people would seem to have resigned the empire to these animals, taking but few precautions against them, and regarding them as sacred; they believe in transmigration, and call them their *nene*, or grandfather. On the banks of one of the rivers of this coast,

upwards of a hundred people were carried off by tigers during the last year. When a tiger enters a village, the foolish people frequently prepare rice and fruits, and placing them at the entrance as an offering to the animal, conceive that, by giving him this hospitable reception, he will be pleased with their attention, and pass on, without doing them harm. They do the same on the approach of the small-pox, and thus endeavour to lay the evil spirit by kind and hospitable treatment."

Lady Raffles had an instance of these superstitious fears of the natives, on a journey into the interior:

"The coolies, in passing through the forest, came upon a tiger, crouched on the path; they immediately stopped, and addressed him in terms of supplication, assuring him they were poor people, carrying the *tuan basar*, great man's luggage, who would be very angry with them if they did not arrive in time, and therefore they implored permission to pass quietly, and without molestation. The tiger, being startled at their appearance, got up and walked quietly into the depths of the forest; and they came on, perfectly satisfied that it was in consequence of their petition that they passed in safety."

PANORAMA OF THE MAINE.

THIS is another of Mr. Leigh's ingenious River Views, upon the plan of the Panorama of the Rhine, noticed in our 12th volume. It represents the river and the adjacent country, from Mayence to Frankfort, drawn from nature by F. W. Delkeskamp, and delicately acquainted by John Clark. The forests, vineyards, and towns are of microscopic interest, and so distinctly shown as to make the voyage with the eye of exhaustless curiosity. Hochhiem, surrounded by vineyards, is of prominent attraction, and vies with the more intellectual interest of Frankfort. Altogether this Panorama is a delightful representation.

THE NUTMEG TREE

Is exceedingly beautiful: it bears in profusion, spreads its branches in a wide circle, and the fruit is perhaps the most beautiful in the world; the outside covering, or shell, is of a rich cream colour, and resembles a peach; this bursts, and shows the dark nut, encircled and chequered with mace of the brightest crimson; and, when contrasted with the deep emerald green leaf, is delightfully grateful to the eye.—*Lady Raffles.*

HERALDRY.

New editions of Clark's "*Introduction to Heraldry*," and "*The Heraldry of Crests*," are before us, and allow us an opportunity of recommending them to the students of Heraldry, as the best arranged books for the subject. The first work has stood the test of *half a century*, and both the present editions are produced in a style which corresponds with the extensive patronage they have received from the public.

THE SPORTSMAN'S VOCAL CABINET.

MR. ARMIGER, the editor of Howitt's *British Preserve*, proposes to assemble under this title, scarce, curious, and original songs and ballads relative to Racing, Hunting, Coursing, Shooting, Hawking, Angling, Archery, Cricketing, &c. The design is good and as far as we have seen, (two parts) well executed.

Perhaps no species of harmony has more of the true spirit of conviviality than sporting songs. There is so much good and jovial feeling, associated with rural sports, that we would not give a whit for the heart that could not enter into their enjoyment. They are utterly devoid of affectation or false feeling, and in the same ratio are to be cherished for the good and kindly bonds by which they hold together friends and associates. We remember passing some of our earlier days in the participation of these delights—and never, never has it been our lot to number happier hours even among the more studied and artificial pleasures of society.

LARGE FLOWER.

SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES, in describing a journey beyond Bencoolen, says:—

"The most important discovery was a gigantic flower, of which I can hardly attempt to give anything like a just description: it is perhaps the largest and most magnificent flower in the world, and is so distinct from every other, that I know not to what I can compare it. Its dimensions will astonish you—it measured across from the extremity of the petals rather more than a yard; the nectarium was nine inches wide, and as deep—estimated to contain a gallon and a half of water; and the weight of the whole flower, fifteen pounds."

But the whole vegetable part of the creation is here on a magnificent scale.

"There is nothing more striking in the Malayan forests than the grandeur of the vegetation: the magnitude of the flowers, creepers, and trees, contrasts

strikingly with the stunted, and, I had almost said, pigmy vegetation of England. Compared with our forest-trees, your largest oak is a mere dwarf. Here we have creepers and vines entwining larger trees, and hanging suspended for more than a hundred feet, in girth not less than a man's body, and many much thicker; the trees seldom under a hundred, and generally approaching a hundred and sixty to two hundred feet in height. One tree that we measured was, in circumference, nine yards! and this is nothing to one I measured in Java."

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

We extract the following interesting account of the recent Grand Dress Ball at Constantinople, from the *Standard Journal*. The novelty and attractive character of the details well befit them for this division of *The Mirror*.

"Constantinople, Feb. 18, 1830.

"This being the first exhibition of the kind in Turkey, and as the officers of state and others of distinction were expected to attend, a lively interest has been excited in Pera, and for weeks the subject has engrossed conversation among the beau monde.

"Having had the honour of receiving from his Excellency Count Guilleminot a card of invitation, I eagerly embraced the opportunity not only of seeing the Turkish officers, but also the corps diplomatique and la societe of Pera.

"About eight o'clock I accordingly repaired to the palace, a very splendid edifice, situated in a garden on the declivity of the hill on which Pera is built. In the lobby there was a line of domestiques in uniform, leading from the entrance to the door of the grand saloon. On entering it, and close to the door, we found the band of the Russian frigate now here, in full uniform (which had been offered by the officers for the occasion). Passing through the saloon we entered the audience chamber, a most magnificent room, and of great extent, covered with a very rich carpet, composed of one entire piece. On the west end was the throne, a richly gilt chair, elevated a step from the floor, on which was a canopy of crimson silk, ornamented with gold fringe and tassels. Immediately opposite, at the other end of the room, was a very large full-length portrait of his most Christian Majesty. On the left, in the centre of the room, and in a recess, was a richly gilt table, on which stood a clock of most beautiful

workmanship. On the opposite side was a chimney, with an elegant marble mantel-piece, over which was a mirror of uncommon size and great value. Divans, or sofas, surrounded the room. On the left of the throne the ambassador and her amiable daughter were seated, and on entering the chamber we were presented to her ladyship, and afterwards to his excellency the ambassador, who was also in the chamber. I then visited the set of rooms, which consisted of the large saloon, a number of splendidly furnished apartments, and a billiard room, all adorned with many fine and old paintings.

"On the arrival of the ladies, some gentlemen in waiting, dressed in character, as Spanish grandees, knights in armour, &c., received them at the door of the saloon, and escorted them to the audience chamber. The company assembled rapidly at a little before nine o'clock. Those dressed in character (who had assembled in a large and magnificent saloon below) were announced, and a double line was formed by the company from the entrance through the saloon and chamber of audience to the spot where the ambassador was seated. The characters were all extremely well dressed (some in masks, but chiefly without them), but so numerous that it would be in vain to attempt to describe them. There were knights in ancient armour, Spanish grandees, a knight of Malta in scaled armour, a knight in full armour, certainly seven feet high (a Russian gentleman on his travels to Jerusalem), Swiss, Spanish, and Italian peasants, Albanians, Turks, Circassians, Persians, Chinese, Scotch Highlanders, Arabians, an African prince in natural dress (a well-supported character), and, in short, every species of Oriental costume. A fine character in mask was an old gentleman, dressed, one half of his coat in scarlet uniform, with epaulette, and military boot, the other half an antique court dress of black, with a white stocking on the other leg, and one half of his hair jet black, the other powdered white as snow. This character was extremely well managed. Another fine character was one caricaturing modern female dress, as big as a tun; her lacings evinced a fruitless attempt to conquer nature by squeezing herself into shape, and on her head she had a burmah (the head-dress of the Frank ladies) bigger than any old Dutch corn-fan to be found in the ancient city of Communipaw. There was a couple of English midshipmen dressed in the costume of doctors in the

year 1701, with large cocked hats, and their hair and faces powdered; and a magician, harlequin, a devil and his imps, men in female garbs, &c. &c. Among the ladies were Mary Queen of Scots (a very handsome woman), Spanish, Biscayan, and Italian signoras and peasants, Jewesses, sultanas, Circassians, Turkish ladies, and highland lasses, all dressed in full costumes. Shortly after the characters were presented a bustle was discovered at the door of the saloon, and a giant, twelve feet high, entered, and was presented. The dress was a kind of Chinese cap, and a scarlet cloak reaching to the ground. He made his bow to the ambassador, and then took his station in the saloon. This was extremely well managed, and I understood was a design of his excellency's. It was effected by a figure moving by springs placed on the shoulders of a man. Shortly thereafter another bustle at the door excited attention, and the devil himself on two sticks, ten feet high, entered, and after presentation walked about the saloon with the giant. This character was well dressed, and his satanic majesty's conduct was highly approved. The actor was a young gentleman, mounted on stilts, with a bearskin dress reaching to the ground and well imagined mask. Then came a group of four masked musicians, dressed in the costume of the year 1700, with large cocked hats, long-skirted coats, and buttons two inches in diameter—one was all white, another sky-blue, the third pink, and the fourth yellow. A drum and tambourine now announced that something novel was approaching, and a showman entered with a caravan of wild beasts, &c. a show picture, from which he described the subjects with great humour. By and by the band struck up, and a cotillon was danced by Mary Queen of Scots, a sultana, a Mingrelian girl, and a bonny Scotch lassie in highland dress. The gentlemen were a Spanish grandee, an Arabian, an Albanian, and a highlander, the latter completely and correctly dressed, with kilt, plaid, and spleuchin, pistols, dirk, and powder-horn. The dancing was excellent, particularly the Scotch couple (a Mr. Buchanan, secretary of the English legation, and the wife of an English merchant), who bore off the bell in both dress and dancing, and were decidedly the best supported characters of the party.

"When the cotillon was ended the masked musicians—a fiddle, guitar, clarionet, and flute—took their places in the centre of the saloon and began a

waltz, and here was a scene of most extraordinary novelty and interest, by the strange association of characters in the waltz. As each couple waltzed round the large ring and withdrew, their places were instantly taken up by pairs equally bizarre. After the musicians had performed one waltz, the band played a co-tillon, but shortly thereafter the waltz was called for, and this continued to be the favourite dance for the evening. It was impossible to behold this scene without delight—the perpetual change of couples, and the odd combination of characters, kept the fancy continually on the stretch. I left the dancing-room, and visited the Chamber of Audience and the different rooms. Here were all the ambassadors, the corps diplomatique, and other distinguished characters. Count Orloff (one of the handsomest men I have ever seen) in his splendid uniform and decorations, and with his aides, made a most conspicuous and fine appearance; an aide-de-camp of the Grand Seigneur (but dressed in the Circassian costume), a number of Turkish officers (two of whom were blacks), and all the Russian and English officers now in Constantinople. The two negroes were eunuchs and officers of high rank in the Seraglio; they wore the modern military uniform, with a diamond star on the left breast, and were, doubtless, here for the purpose of conveying a description of this strange and novel scene to the ladies of the Seraglio. They conducted themselves with great propriety and politeness. Some of the female masks were particularly attentive to the Turkish officers. One frolicsome hussy, dressed in nankeen cap and gown, was uncommonly attentive to the sultan's aide-de-camp, and actually made him walk arm-in-arm with her through the whole suite of apartments; and he had no idea but that it was a female who had taken such a fancy to him.

"In the apartment next adjoining the audience chamber there were three card-tables, at one of which Count Orloff, Mons. de Ribeaupierre, and the Austrian and English ambassadors, formed the party. The Turkish officers seemed to take great interest in the game; but the dance, the dance, absorbed every thing else, by its continued novelty and interest.

"At twelve o'clock supper was announced, and the gentlemen escorted the ladies to the supper-room, where about forty were accommodated at a time, the gentlemen standing behind and waiting upon the ladies. After supper the dance was resumed, and continued with un-

abated interest until five in the morning. On the whole this was one of the most brilliant parties ever given. There could not have been less than 600 persons present, and every one was delighted and felt loth to depart.

"You will expect me now to give you some account of the ladies, but, alas, I am aground here. I have all my life paid so little attention to the *affaires de mode* that I know not how to begin. I should feel much more in my element if I had to describe the rigging of a fine ship; but as I must say something on the subject I can only remark that the ladies were all superbly dressed, and completely in the French style, with a great profusion of jewels. The demoiselles generally wore flowers entwined in their hair, and the elder ones the beautiful burmah (a turban head-dress) so generally worn by the Frank ladies of Smyrna and Constantinople. Their complexions are uncommonly fine, and there was as much beauty displayed as any country could produce on a similar occasion. There being few or no wheel carriages in this part of the world the ladies came and returned in sedan chairs.

"I was disappointed in not seeing any of the Turkish ministers, two of the principal ones being sick; and, moreover, the Ramazan (or their Lent) being close at hand it was conjectured that this circumstance might have deterred them. On the whole, however, I was never more gratified in my life. At this fête were natives of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Mr. O. and myself being the only ones from the western world we had not only the honour of representing our own country but a whole hemisphere, and, next to the giant and the Russian knight in armour, our countryman was the tallest of the party."

Fine Arts.

COLONEL BATTY'S VIEWS OF EUROPEAN CITIES. NO. II.

Gibraltar.

WE noticed at some length, the appearance of the first number of this very beautiful work; and we are happy to add that the number before us fully sustains the high character we have given of the previous portion.

The present Number contains a Vignette and Five Views. The former represents the Rock of Gibraltar from the Mediterranean Shore, and is exquisitely engraved by R. Wallis. The first view, Gibraltar, from the Bay Side, is by George Cooke. The rock rises majes-

tically above the water of the bay, and the town and castle are seen on the slope at its foot. In the distance, behind the Mole, the mountains of the Barbary coast rear their lofty heads. This plate is one of the finest marine pieces we have seen for a long time. The lights of the heavy, squally sky, the foam of the busy waves, and the bold, etchy shore or foreground, are admirably managed by the artist. The outline of the rock, and the extreme delicacy and finish of the stupendous mass can hardly be sufficiently commended: indeed, the same terms will apply to the whole scene.

The *second* view, or great western face of the mountain, with the town, old Moorish castle, and the modern defences, is of great picturesque beauty, though we are bound to confess not equal in execution to the previous plate. The point of view is still very attractive. "The Moorish castle, whose massy towers are seen above the northern extremity of the town, was built, according to an Arabic inscription still visible, in the time of the Caliph Walid, soon after the period of the Moors landing here. It is chiefly constructed of tapia, or cement, moulded in frames, and the whole incrustured with cement of a finer quality: the cupolas and arches are of brickwork. These walls and towers have become so indurated by time, that, during the great siege, the shot from the enemy's cannon made but little impression on them. Independent of the picturesque appearance of this scene, it is interesting from exhibiting the point against which the most strenuous efforts of the enemy were directed during the memorable siege. From the warm reception given to the assailants, the battery on the Mole acquired the name of the Devil's Tongue. Gibraltar remained in the possession of the Moors from the period when they first took it, A. D. 711, for about 750 years, when the Spaniards again got possession of it. On July 23, 1704, Sir George Rook, with the combined English and Dutch fleets, cannonaded Gibraltar. On the 24th, after a feeble resistance, this important fortress surrendered to the English."

Gibraltar, from above Camp Bay, is the *third* plate, and has even more picturesque effect than its predecessor. Large masses of rock jut out into the great bay, and form several small bays, and with the craggy cliffs, and bold crest of the mountain, are beautifully executed.

The *fourth* view, Gibraltar from Eu-

ropa Point, is by E. Goodall, and is a truly terrific scene. "The blue Mediterranean, at times so placid and beautiful, is subject to violent tempests, which sometimes come on so rapidly and unexpectedly as to require great caution in its navigation. The effect of one of these storms just clearing off has been chosen as most appropriate to the savage grandeur of the scene."

The *fifth* plate, Gibraltar, from Catalan Bay, is admirably engraved by Willmore, and forms a pleasing contrast with the sullen sublimity of the scene last described. It is an exquisite sunlit view, and sparkles at every point. The little bay is one of the most charming in nature. Among the artist's effects, the distant light, and light fleecy clouds, are managed with great skill. It may be interesting to mention, that "during the great earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755, it is said that the sands at Catalan Bay sank several feet, and large masses of the rock rolled down into the sea. On the same occasion, the Mediterranean also, at this point, rose and fell repeatedly, nearly seven feet."

A "BROWN" STUDY.

THIS is an effective little mezzotint, drawn and engraved by Mr. Frederick James Havill. The scene is an artist's *studio*, or in plain English, his garret, with models, sketches, easel, pallets, and colours placed or rather strewed about the uncarpeted floor and unpapered walls, with all the *négligé* air of genius. The artist occupies the only chair; he is, as our friend Leigh Hunt would say, "feet on the fenderish"—and in a *brown* study. The print, though only double the size of a lady's hand, is full of interesting details, and the little appurtenances of art to which we have alluded, are grouped with much skill.

LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

PART I. of this beautiful work contains germs of high promise. The views are four in number, 1. Arran, for the Heart of Mid Lothian, with its "thundersplitten peaks,"—an exquisite marine view, by Daniell. 2. Doune Castle, a delightful sunset, for Waverley, after J. D. Harding. 3. Penrith, from the same Novel, after Dewint. 4. Windermere, for Guy Mannering from the chaste and delicate pencil of Westall. The whole are finely engraved by E. Finden, and will even add a charm to the works they are intended to accompany. This is no mean praise.

The Selector;
AND
**LITERARY NOTICES OF
NEW WORKS.**

LAST HOURS OF NELSON.

THE editor of the *Family Library* has very judiciously reprinted Dr. Southey's *Life of Nelson*—"the best written piece of biography in the language"—as the Twelfth Number of the abovementioned Miscellany. Hundreds of our readers have, doubtless, seen the original work: as every line of it may be read and read again with increasing delight, we do not search for the interpolations in the present edition—but quote one of the best written portions entire:—

"It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the Redoubtable, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up.—'They have done for me at last, Hardy,' said he.—'I hope not,' cried Hardy.—'Yes!' he replied; 'my back-bone is shot through.' Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately:—then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars.—Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipman's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however,

was concealed from all, except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; 'For,' said he, 'you can do nothing for me.'—All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurraed; and at every hurra, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: 'Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!'—An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment.

" 'Well, Hardy,' said Nelson, 'how goes the day with us?'—'Very well,' replied Hardy; 'ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing.'—'I hope,' said Nelson, 'none of our ships have struck?' Hardy answered, 'There was no fear of that.' Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. 'I am a dead man, Hardy,' said he, 'I am going fast:—it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me.' Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. 'Oh, no!' he replied: 'it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so.' Captain Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him; and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

"By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: 'You know I am gone, I know it. I feel something rising in my breast,'—putting his hand on his left

side,—‘which tells me so.’ And upon Beatty’s inquiring whether his pain was very great; he replied, ‘So great, that he wished he was dead. Yet,’ said he, in a lower voice, ‘one would like to live a little longer too!’ And after a few minutes, in the same under tone, he added; ‘What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation!’ Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly: but fourteen or fifteen at least. ‘That’s well,’ cried Nelson, ‘but I bargained for twenty.’ And then, in a stronger voice, he said: ‘Anchor, Hardy; anchor.’ Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. ‘Not while I live, Hardy,’ said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: ‘Do you anchor.’ His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, ‘Don’t throw me overboard:’ and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings: ‘Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy: take care of poor Lady Hamilton.—Kiss me, Hardy,’ said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek: and Nelson said, ‘Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty.’ Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. ‘Who is that?’ said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, ‘God bless you, Hardy.’ And Hardy then left him—for ever.

‘Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said: I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone.’ Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain: ‘Doctor, I have not been a great sinner:’ and after a short pause, ‘Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country.’ His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, ‘Thank God, I have done my duty.’ These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four,—three hours and a

quarter after he had received his wound.

“Once, amidst his sufferings, Nelson had expressed a wish that he were dead; but immediately the spirit subdued the pains of death, and he wished to live a little longer;—doubtless that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously began. That consolation—that joy—that triumph, was afforded him. He lived to know that the victory was decisive; and the last guns which were fired at the flying enemy were heard, a minute or two before he expired.

“The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale; as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times, was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end: the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed: new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him, whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed, would have wakened the church bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and ‘old men from the chimney corner,’ to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson’s surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the

seas : and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength ; for, while Nelson was living, to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence."

The volume is printed by Whittingham, and illustrated with several wood-cut battle-pieces, and a medallion portrait from the pencil of George Cruikshank. The engravers have done their duty to the designs, and for etchyspirit, (than which nothing could be more appropriate for such stirring scenes,) these cuts are perfect gems.

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SHAKESPEARE.

GAMING FOR MONEY.

In the reign of Richard I. an edict was issued concerning gaming, by which no person in the army was permitted to play at any sort of game for money, except knights and clergymen, who in one whole day and night, should not lose more than twenty shillings, on pain of forfeiting one hundred shillings to the archbishop of the army. The two kings might play for what they pleased ; but their attendants not for more than twenty shillings, otherwise they were to be whipped naked through the army for three days.

HALBERT H.

BOILING TO DEATH.

In the year 1531, Richard Brose was boiled to death in Smithfield, for putting poison into some soup, by which sixteen persons were killed. He was cook to the Bishop of Rochester, at Lambeth.

T. P. A.

To the Memory of a Young Lady, aged three years, in Bezhill Churchyard.

I LAY me down to rest me,
And pray to God to bless me,
And if I sleep and never wake,
I pray to God my soul to take,
This night for evermore. Amen.

T. G. P.

CORONATION OATH OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

In the name of Christ, I promise three things to the Christian people, my subjects :—First, That the Church of God and all the Christian people shall always preserve true peace under our auspices. Second, That I will interdict rapacity

and all iniquities to every condition. Third, That I will command equity and mercy in all judgments, that to me and to you the gracious and merciful God may extend his mercy. W. G. C.

NINEPENNY LOVERS, OR SILVER VALENTINES.

UNTIL the year 1696, when all money not milled, was called in, a ninepenny piece of silver was as common as sixpences or shillings ; and these ninepences were usually bent as sixpences commonly are now, which bending was called, *To my love, and from my love* ; and such ninepences the ordinary fellows (says Butler) gave or sent their sweet-hearts, as tokens of love. P. T. W.

ALBERT DURER AND BERGHEM.

THE wives of Albert Durer and Berghem were both shrews, and the former compelled that great genius to the hourly drudgery of his profession, merely to gratify her own sordid passion. At length, in despair, Albert ran away from his Tisiphone : she wheedled him back, and not long after he fell a victim to her furious disposition, and died of a broken heart. It is told of Berghem's wife, that she would never allow that excellent artist to quit his occupations ; and she contrived an odd expedient to detect his indolence. The artist worked in a room above her ; ever and anon she roused him by thumping a long stick against the ceiling, while the obedient Berghem answered by stamping his foot, to satisfy Madame B. that he was not napping. J. R. S.

A SCHOOLMASTER said of himself, " I am like a *hone*—I sharpen a number of blades, but I wear myself in doing it.

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